NORTHERN MESSENGER

AND SABBATH-SCHOOL COMPANION.

VOLUME XXII., No. 35. MONTREAL & NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 2, 1887. 30 CTS. per An. Post-Paid.

THE OLIVE TREE.

The olive has been an emblem of peace since the time that the dove returned to the Ark, with a leaf "pluckt" from the top of a tree appearing above the receding waters of the flood. With the idea of peace, in the case of the olive, seems to be included that of cultivation, civilization, and prosperity.

This tree, most probably at first introduced from Asia, is common to the whole of the South of Europe.

It is for the oil produced from the fruit that the tree is cultivated. In most fruits the oil is contained in the kernel, as in the almond, but the olive is remarkable from having the oil in the outer fleshy part of the fruit, and it is from this part that most of its oil comes. The greater portion of our olive oil comes from Italy.

In Spain it is used, as well as for other purposes, in making the renowned Castile soap, which is made with potash instead of soda-alkali—as our soap is made. The wood has a beautiful grain, marked with dark veins on a light yellow ground, and it is used for making knick-knacks.

In France it has been pressed into moulds for the making of boxes.

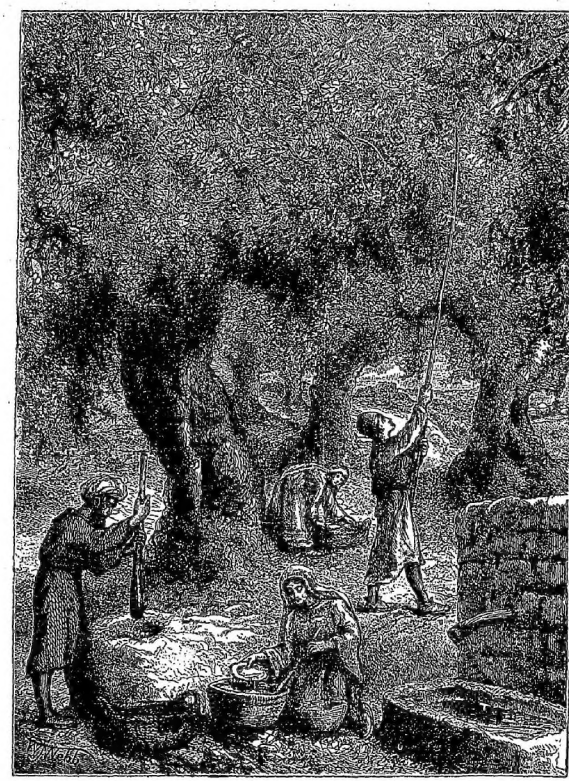
The illustration gives an idea of the form of the olive. The color which we call olive-green is that of the fruit, the foliage is of a much lighter tint. The leaves of the trees are a greenish gray, and "olive-tint" better expresses their color. Botanically, the olive is allied to the lilac, the privet, and, strange to say, the ash. Though this is rather surprising, it has been ingeniously proved by successfully grafting the olive upon the ash stock.

The trees mentioned above would give to our readers little idea of the appearance of the olive. Of all the trees in this country which the writer has seen, the greyish-colored willow tree, from which we gather what is called palm, ready for Palm Sunday, is, when in full leaf, most like the olive tree.

The fruit when ripe is beaten from the trees with long sticks. This, of course, would not do in the case of other fruits, but to extract the oil the fruit has to be more thoroughly beaten or crushed. In Palestine, for the latter purpose, the fruit is usually taken to a mill, and spread under a large, rolling mill-stone, moved round and round upon others by a camel or mule, as in the pug-mills upon our brickfields; with the difference that mill and animal are under cover. The oil runs along little runnels from the crushed fruit, and is collected. But by beating the fruit with sticks, it is said the choicest oil is made, the beaten mass afterwards being placed in water, and the oil, which rises to the surface, run off.

We know how some oils grow hard with exposure to the air, notably linseed oil, which is used with oil-paint, but olive oil, though it will freeze into a mass with great cold, does not clog or oxidise, as it is called, and therefore it is used by watch and clock-makers for oiling their delicate work. The oil is also used extensively in the east for making soap, and as an article of food as in frying fish, in making omelettes with eggs, and a delicious dish made with the oil rubbed into flour or wheat which forms into a multitude of little pellets, which are afterwards cooked.

From the earliest times the oil made from the fruit must have been used for burning in lamps, and those sacred ones ordained for use in the golden candlestick or candelabra in the Tabernacle of Moses, were fed with this oil. Of the olives of the Holy Land we give a picture, with a grove of trees in the distance.



THE OLIVE TREE.

Round about Jerusalem there are some groves of trees fairly evenly planted, and the trees are of regular size; but in many parts notably upon the Mount of Olives, the trees are at irregular intervals and the sizes vary. The olive has always been thought to live to a great age. Pliny says that in his time there was one at Athens which the people believed to be as old as their city, that is, sixteen hundred years. Chateaubriand says "those in the garden of Olivet (Gethsemane) are at least of the time of the Eastern Empire, as is demonstrated by the following circumstance. In Turkey every olive tree found by the Mussulmans at the time they conquered Asia, pays one medina to the Treasury, while each one planted since the conquest is taxed half its produce. The eight olives in the garden are charged only eight medinas." Some suppose that these olive trees have been in existence since the time of our Saviour. The trees in the garden, which is now enclosed with a wall, and lies at the foot of the Mount of Olives, certainly look much older than those upon the Mount. The former have thick trunks gnarled and split. Possibly under these trees our Saviour walked. From the higher slope of the Mount of Olives He looked over "the city, and wept over it," and from its height he ascended up to heaven, to come again "in like manner."—*W. J. Webb, in English Magazine.*

TERRIBLE ADVENTURE OF A LITTLE BOY.

During the disastrous war which raged in 1868 between the Maories (natives of New Zealand) and the white population many natives were taken prisoners, of whom one hundred and eighty-seven in number were placed on a certain island with guards over them. Among these prisoners was a man named Kooti, who claimed to be inspired and who on this account had acquired great power over his companions. Led by this man, a revolt took place; the prisoners seized a ship which had come to the island with stores, and so contrived to escape to the mainland, making their way over a very rough country towards the interior. Being intercepted by a small military force, a fight took place, in which the white men were defeated, while the escaped prisoners went here and there, ravaging the country and committing terrible excesses.

At length they reached Poverty Bay. At this place there were about two hundred Europeans and twice that number of natives, who for the most part were peaceably disposed, but in an excited condition of mind. Some of the white men, feeling alarmed at the state of the country, manned a fort and took shelter there, but the greater part remained in their own houses, more or less scattered. It was a terrible night when Kooti and his followers arrived. Some escaped by flight, owing their safety to a faithful old native chief—a Christian—who sheltered them and then passed them on to friends of his, while Kooti and his men were in hot pursuit. Sad to tell, this noble deed cost the old chief his life, for when Kooti demanded to know where the white men had gone the old man refused to betray their retreat, and was struck down along with his two young boys.

In the meantime what was going on among the other Europeans who had not escaped?

Alas! a terrible massacre had taken place, and we shall now follow the fortunes of a little boy who was one of the very few survivors.

This boy's father, Capt. W——, had been sitting up late writing letters, all his family being in bed. Some natives knocked at his door, saying that they had brought a letter for him, but, suspecting treachery, he desired them to put the letter under the door. Finding that he would not open to them, the natives fired the house at both ends, and the unfortunate family had to come out or be burned to death. The family consisted of Capt. W——, his wife, their four young children, and a servant-man.

As they left the burning house, Capt. W—— with his revolver in his hand, the natives declared that they did not intend to harm him or his family, and, as if to prove their sincerity, one of them picked up a child to carry, Capt. W——, his wife, and the servant carrying the other three.

Scarcely had they gone two hundred yards when a native rushed upon the servant and knocked him down, while another stabbed Capt. W—— in the back. He fell dead to the ground, with his little

boy James, eight years old, in his arms. This poor little fellow contrived to extricate himself from the death grasp of his father, and, in the darkness, to escape to the shelter of some scrub, where he wandered about till daylight. Fearing to be detected by the natives, he kept himself concealed till the pangs of hunger could no longer be endured. Then he entered a house, empty but not destroyed, where he found some food.

But his little heart was longing to ascertain the fate of his family, and in spite of the danger he went back to his old home. The dead bodies still lay on the ground, and at last he found his mother in the little outhouse, to their mutual surprise and delight. She had been wounded by the natives and had been left for dead, but had managed after a time to creep back to the house.

Here the brave boy contrived to sustain her for several days upon eggs and whatever else he could forage; but the unfortunate lady was so desperately wounded that she felt that she could not long survive without assistance.

She procured a card and a pencil from her dead husband's pocket, and after four hours' labor and many failures she contrived to write a few lines beseeching for help. But the nearest settlement was six miles away and the whole country was overrun by hostile natives. How could she ask her little boy, only eight years old, and weak with hunger and suffering, to leave her and to carry her letter to town?

But James though young and weak, was brave and loved his mother. Giving her one kiss and supplying her with what food he could find, he concealed the little note about his dress and went away upon his almost hopeless errand. No doubt he was followed by his mother's prayers—no doubt he prayed himself that God would help him to find friends to take care of his suffering mother.

And he did find such friends, even before he reached the town. He was met by a party who were scouring the country in search of any missing settlers. These men with all haste procured a litter and gently carried the poor sufferer to a place of safety. She was tended with the greatest care and rallied for a time, so that hopes were entertained of her recovery. But she had suffered too much, mentally and bodily. A few weeks later the end came, and she succumbed to the terrible injuries she had received.

Little James, thus left without parents or sisters, was sent to England, where loving relatives received the orphan boy.—*Chatterbox.*

THE SABBATH-SCHOOL.

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS IN BELGIUM.

BY BLANCHE MERLE D'AUBIGNE.

Sunday-schools in Belgium have to contend with two difficulties, on one side the opposition of Roman Catholic parents, who prevent their children from attending the schools, or total indifference of fathers and mothers to any form of religious instruction. If the latter be the case, the children are allowed to go to the missionary Sunday-schools, but having no encouragement at home, are often unruly and irregular scholars. Most of the converted members of the churches, on the other hand, take a real interest in the spiritual welfare of their children, and the church Sunday-schools are regularly attended by attentive and orderly children.

The Christian missionary church of Belgium has fifty-nine Sunday-schools, with about 2,350 scholars and 160 teachers. Thirty-eight of those schools are attended mostly by children of members of the churches. The others are missionary schools. In the mining and manufacturing districts many of our children are prevented from attending the school on account of their having to work all Saturday night, and often on Sunday itself, and that even among children from twelve to fourteen years of age. The church Sunday-schools assemble in the morning an hour before church, and many of the hard working children remain for church. The superintendent is generally a layman, the teachers hard-working men and women, who have neither time nor learning enough to study the lesson very scientifically, but who have the desire to be faithful, and to lead their children to Christ. Here at Jumet it is hard to realize that most of these men, dressed in neat black clothes and spotless shirts, bending toward the little ones before them, speaking to them so tenderly, are miners, working on week days from 6 a. m. to 6 p. m., some of them sixteen hundred feet underground, with grimy faces, dirty clothes, and among drunken and dissolute companions. Many of our Sunday-schools follow the International Lesson; the children have a great taste for music, and sing very heartily.

The missionary Sunday-schools assemble in the afternoon. Many of the converts feeling that after their conversion they must do something to spread the glad tidings, seize this opportunity to work for their Master, so they get a few planks, place them on chairs in their kitchens, gather in the children of the neighbors and tell them over again the story they have once taught at the morning Sunday-school. To these poor children it is all new, they listen willingly and sing very heartily if not always correctly. These schools are a great blessing in every way, and there are nine of them in our parish. "Even if I was not a believer myself," said a father of ten children, not long ago, "I should send all my children to the Sunday-school for the sake of the peace it brings in the household from one Sunday to another." Often the children themselves become little missionaries. A man one day asked a teacher to explain to him the way of salvation. "I could tell you," was the answer, "but I had rather you put the question to one of my Sunday scholars." He called in a few little Roman Catholic neighbors who attended the Sunday class at his house, and the man asked them to tell him how he could be saved. He was so astonished and pleased at their answers and at the power of the Gospel over their hearts that he resolved on the spot to seek to be a follower of Jesus Christ.

This summer I spent a Sunday at Liege. As I was standing at a door I remarked a very little girl carrying a Bible, a hymn book and an umbrella, her Sunday-school leaflet and a bundle of tracts. She was endeavoring not to let anything fall, and still to keep hold of her baby brother's hand. I offered to hold her things while she got him down the steps, and when this was done she began to dispose of a part of her burden in various pockets.

"What are those tracts for?" I asked.

"Well, miss," she said, "I know the Gospel; I learn about Jesus in these; but at my school there are hardly any little girls that know about the right religion; and you see as I am the only one that knows about it I must tell them; so I give them tracts and ask them to come to Sunday-school." So, taking her umbrella in one hand and her little brother's fist in the other, the two little tots marched away, and I said to myself: "Except ye turn and become as little children, ye shall in no-wise enter into the kingdom of heaven." Near us lives a large family of six boys and one girl, none of whom until quite recently had ever been to a service or meeting of any kind. One of them, little Rene, a child of ten, now goes every day after school to take care of a child in a Protestant family. He was sent with the oldest child one Sunday to Sunday-school, and leaving him in the infant class, sat on a bench to wait. He heard the Bible story, the pretty hymns, and joined in the prayers, and was so touched with it all that, on going home, he spoke to his father, mother and brothers about it, and got some of them to go with him on the following Sunday; and now nearly all of that household are regular attendants of church and Sunday-school. It would be a great pleasure to us to feel that some American Christians were praying and thinking about our Sunday-schools. I never realized until I came here, what it is to work in a country where, with the exception of two to three families, everybody is poor—very poor. The men get about two or three francs a day in the coal mines, the children fifty centimes to a franc—it is barely enough not to starve on. At the Christmas tree I innocently suggested the necessity of buns, apples, or sweets, but here all these things are considered impossible luxuries. There is no money for benches, hymn books, or leaflets—it is always the same melancholy story.—*N. Y. Observer.*

EVERY CHRISTIAN is a representative of Christ. The Sunday-School teacher is in the stead of Christ. He teaches not for the superintendent, not for the Church, not for society, not for himself, but for Jesus Christ. Jesus can not be in the class himself, and so he sends his disciple to speak his words, and manifest his temper. For this we shall need His heart of sympathy, His yearning tenderness, His mighty love. In Him there was no tinge of selfishness, no self-seeking, no craving for popularity, or shrinking from service. At His post He kept, not from compulsion, or mere choice, but from a strong fellow feeling, a magnanimous sympathy, a Divine charity, which bound Him to man, and kept Him at His daily toil.

HAVE ALL THE SCHOLARS of your class Bibles of their own? *If not, why not!*

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

Sept. 18.—Matt. 7: 13-29.

Jesus used hope more than fear, and the attractions of religion more than the terrors, but he did use the dangers of the evil way to warn men from it, and he uttered most solemn warnings, as in this lesson, in order that by the application of every possible motive, men might be persuaded to enter the kingdom of God. In view of the kingdom whose principles have just been taught, there are two ways for men to choose. The scholars should be made to see this choice clearly. Illustrations. The case of sliding down hill, the difficulty of climbing up. I have read somewhere a legend of a wretched man, one of nature's monstrosities, the tip of whose tongue was a snake's head. In his sleep the hideous reptile lay coiled within, but his breathing was a low and ominous hiss. When he attempted to speak, the monster thrust itself out in wavy vibrations, hissing, biting, stinging. A fitting symbol of the professing Christian who has the inconsistencies of his brethren at his tongue's end, and their excellences never.—*Professor Phelps.*

How possible it is to do some of the outward works of religion,—those which do not require a spiritual experience, or communion with God,—and yet have no true religion and fail of entering heaven. Noah's carpenters helped to build the ark, but did not enter it to be saved from the flood. When the Eddystone lighthouse was to be re-built, Winstanley, the noted engineer, contracted to rear a structure which should withstand the assaults of time and tempests. So confident was his faith in the showy structure of his own skill, that he offered to lodge in it with the keeper, through the autumnal gales. He was true to his word. But the first tremendous tempest which caught the flimsy light-house in the hollow of its hand hurled both building and builder into the foaming sea. We fear that too many souls are rearing their hopes for eternity upon the sands of error; when the testing floods come, and the winds beat upon their house, it will fall, and sad will be the fall thereof.—*Theo L. Cuyler.*—*Peloubet's Select Notes.*

THE LESSON STORY.

Jesus went on in this wonderful sermon to tell his disciples how they might enter heaven. There are two roads; one is a very broad way, and many people are walking in it; this is the way of sin. The other, which is the way of God's service, is very narrow, and has a gate so small that we cannot take any of our sins through it; but this is the only way by which we can hope to enter into eternal life. Jesus next warned his disciples against people who pretend to a goodness which is not real. Just as a tree can be known by its fruits, so these people can be known by their acts, for a good person, like a good tree, cannot show evil fruits. He told them that not those who call themselves Christians, but those who do right, will enter into God's heavenly kingdom.

Then he ended his sermon by showing a picture of two men: one who built his house on a rock, where the storm could not shake it; the other who built his house on the sand, and the waves washed it away. The house on the rock was like him who heard and obeyed these words of Jesus; the other was like him who heard, but did not obey them, sure to fail and be lost at last. Jesus is the Rock which can never be moved. He is called the "Rock of Ages," and the "Sure Foundation." But this world is like the shifting sand. We cannot trust its promises. It gives to-day and takes away to-morrow. The soul that rests upon anything but Jesus will be shaken and overthrown at last.

Then after his sermon Jesus came down from the mountain, while all the people wondered at the good words which he had spoken.—*Berean Series.*

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From International Question Book.)

LESSON XII.—SEPTEMBER 18.

SOLEMN WARNINGS.—MATT. 7: 13-29.

COMMIT VERSES 13, 14.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down and cast into the fire.—Matt. 7: 19.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

The way of life and the way of death—choose ye.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Matt. 7: 13-29.
T. Matt. 21: 1-12.
W. Matt. 21: 13-28.
Th. 1 Cor. 3: 8-23.
F. Matt. 25: 14-30.
Sa. Matt. 25: 31-46.
Su. John 15: 1-17.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

13. THE STRAIT GATE—the narrow, the difficult gate. The gate is the way to heaven and to life. It is narrow of necessity. If we would look at the north star we must look in one direction. There are millions of other directions, but every one leads away from the north star. 14. FEW THERE BE THAT FIND IT—there were few then, but it will not always be so. Every one can find it who seeks earnestly. 15. FALSE PROPHETS—those who pretend to speak from God, or to teach his truth, but really mean to teach error and destroy the Gospel. IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING . . . WOLVES—hiding great evil under the appearance of innocence. 16. BY THEIR FRUITS—the test of a tree is always the fruit it bears; so it is of a doctrine or religion. 17. GOOD TREE . . . GOOD FRUIT—the outer life is the outgrowth of the inner, as fruit grows out of the tree. 19. IS HEWN DOWN—those who do evil will be destroyed. Their only good use is after they are dead and harm no one, as a warning. 21. NOT EVERY ONE, etc.—many that talk and profess will not be saved, but only those who obey as well as talk. 24. HOUSE UPON A ROCK—In the East many houses are built by the water-courses which are dry in summer, but are subject to sudden floods which sweep away all houses built on the sand in the valley, but cannot touch those on the rock above. They seem safe till the floods come. THE ROCK—Jesus Christ. 26. THE SAND—feelings, professions, self-righteousness. 28. DOCTRINE—teaching. 29. AS HAVING AUTHORITY—Christ, being God, knows all things about heaven and goodness and the future; and he speaks what he knows, not what he has only reasoned out. SCRIBES—teachers in the synagogues, who interpreted and reasoned about the Scriptures.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What was the subject of the last lesson? What were some of the illustrations Christ used? What rule of life did he give us?

SUBJECT: SOLEMN WARNINGS AND ENTREATIES.

I. AGAINST THE BROAD ROAD TO DESTRUCTION (vs. 13, 14).—What two ways are described in these verses? Meaning of "strait"? To what does the narrow way lead? Who is the way? (John 14: 6.) Where does the broad road lead? What is it to travel on this road? Which road do most people travel? What should we do in view of these facts? (Luke 13: 24; Matt. 11: 12.)

What reasons can you give why the way to life is narrow, while the way to destruction is broad? Is the way to all the best things, as to prosperity, education, character and usefulness, narrow? Will it always be true that the many are in the broad road, and the few in the narrow?

II. AGAINST FALSE PROPHETS (vs. 15-20).—What are "false prophets"? In what way do they usually come? Who are meant by the sheep here? Who by the wolves? How can we tell who are the false teachers? (v. 16.) Does the fruit always appear at first? What is represented by the good tree here? What by the fruits? (Gal. 5: 22, 23; 1 Cor. 13: 1-8.) What is the relation between the fruits and the tree? How does this show the relation between faith and works? (James 2: 18, 22.) How may we bear good fruit? (John 15: 4, 5.) What becomes of those who will not bear good fruit? (v. 19.)

III. AGAINST FALSE HOPES (vs. 21-23).—Who cannot enter Christ's kingdom? (v. 21.) Who can enter? What is the "will" of our Father? What kind of works can one do, and yet not be a Christian? (v. 22.) What kind prove that one is a Christian? (Gal. 5: 22, 23; 1 Cor. 13: 1-3.) Can you show the reason for this?

IV. AGAINST FALSE FOUNDATIONS (vs. 24-29).—Who are likened to a house on a rock? To what dangers are houses in the East subjected? Who is the Rock for us to build on? (1 Cor. 3: 11.) What is it to build on Christ? (John 15: 7; 3: 16.) What are the floods and storms that assail us? Who are likened to the house on the sand? How long will it seem as good as the house on the rock? What will show the difference? What *is it for us to build* on the sand? (Matt. 5: 20; 2 Tim. 3: 5; Matt. 3: 9.) How will our hopes be tested? What did the people think of Christ's teaching? Why could he speak with authority? (John 3: 11-13.)

LESSON CALENDAR.

THIRD QUARTER, 1887.

6. Aug. 7.—Jesus in Galilee. Matt. 4: 17-25.
7. Aug. 14.—The Beatitudes. Matt. 5: 1-16.
8. Aug. 21.—Jesus and the Law. Matt. 5: 17-26.
9. Aug. 28.—Piety Without Display. Matt. 6: 1-15.
10. Sept. 4.—Trust in our Heavenly Father. Matt. 6: 24-34.
11. Sept. 11.—Golden Precepts. Matt. 7: 1-12.
12. Sept. 18.—Solemn Warning. Matt. 7: 13-29.
13. Sept. 25.—Review, Temperance. Rom. 13: 8-14. Missions. Matt. 4: 12-16.

The Family Circle.

THE PAPER THAT WAS CRIED OVER.

BY LOUISA CROW.

CHAPTER I.

The air was clear and dry on the hill, although the mists of an autumn twilight were settling down on the busy little town in the valley below, and as Mrs. Hallett from the terrace walk in her garden watched a puff of white steam in the distant landscape come nearer and nearer she said confidently, "Charlie will be in that train; we shall have him at home with us this evening."

Mr. Hallett had been an invalid for the last week or two; not ill enough to cause any alarm, yet not well enough to go to the city as usual, and thankful that he had a shrewd, sensible son both able and willing to take his place.

As is frequently the case, business was at its briskest just as Mr. Hallett became unequal to it, but Charlie threw himself into the breach manfully, and had even slept in town for several nights, that he might sit later at his books and begin earlier.

The mother would have preferred to stay and watch for her boy's coming; but Mr. Hallett was calling and she went to him.

He was surveying a doomed honeysuckle. It was but one of the many climbling plants trained over the walls, covering them with beauty from the yellow jasmine of early spring till the sweet white clematis and late roses were nipped by the autumn frosts.

"We planted it the year Charlie was born," he reminded his wife. "I suppose you think that would be a reason for letting it stand?"

Mrs. Hallett smiled as she replied, "Nay, John; it is not I who give way to sentiment."

The words were no sooner spoken than she wished she had not uttered them, for a frown contracted her husband's brow and he raised his eyes involuntarily to where a couple of windows were nearly hidden by the passion flower that was allowed to throw its tendrils across them.

In the room those windows should have lighted John Hallett's father had spent the closing years of his life. An accident rendered him incapable of leaving it, and when, after terrible suffering, he expired, his wife, worn out with fatigue and sorrow, soon followed him to the grave.

Was it an affectionate son's tender reminiscences of the dead that caused him to shut up the apartment they had occupied?

No one could say, but so it was. From the day of the funeral not a creature was allowed to enter this room but old Lisbeth, the trusty German who had drifted into the household of the Halletts in her youth.

Lisbeth saw nothing strange in the command she obeyed so literally, going into the closed chamber once a week on tip-toe to sweep and dust as noiselessly as if some one still lay there whom her movements could disturb; but Mrs. Hallet could not enter into the feelings that induced her husband to keep one of the best rooms in the house shut up.

A shout from the children proclaimed that Charlie had come.

His first look was for his mother. After she had satisfied herself that he did not appear to be any the worse for the confinement and hard work of the week she was content to stand quietly by while business matters were discussed. She could have fancied that Charlie was rather restless under the questioning to which he was subjected.

But at last Mr. Hallett appeared satisfied, and he would have led the way indoors, but now in eager haste the young man poured forth the tidings he had been burning to tell.

"Such news for you, father! Mother dear, what do you think has happened? Aunt Mary sent for me the other evening—you will say that that is not a very uncommon occurrence," and Charlie and Mrs. Hallett interchanged amused smiles, for Miss Mary Hallett was one of the fussiest of maiden ladies. "She sent for me that she might introduce me to some new relations from over the sea. You had a brother, papa, who died not long after my grandfather?"

Mr. Hallett did not immediately reply. Yes, he had had a half-brother whose restless disposition had induced him to demand his portion and sail away with it to America. After many wanderings he had settled in Canada and married. Pride had induced him to be silent respecting the mistakes he had made, the misfortunes that had befallen him; but just before the death of the elder Mr. Hallett a rumor reached England that the Canadian farm did not pay and its owner was struggling with sickness as well as an unfavorable season. Offers of help were sent, but they were declined; those offers were repeated to Tom Hallett's widow, and again, but more gratefully, refused. Since that time, long years ago, no intercourse had been kept up between the families; what, then, did Charlie mean?

"It was to my Uncle Tom's elder daughters Aunt Mary introduced me. They are tall, bright, handsome girls, merry and frank and unaffected, yet quite as ladylike as my sisters Eva and Emma. They have led a busy life, working with their mother to free the farm of its encumbrances. Their labors have been successful; they are prospering at last; and so they have felt themselves justified in taking a trip to England to make acquaintance with their kindred."

"And crossed the Atlantic alone!" exclaimed Mrs. Hallett.

"Oh, no, they came under the wing of a friend, the elderly lady who took them to Aunt Mary's. They have fascinated her, and—" Charlie turned to his silent father—"and I think, I am sure, you will like your nieces, sir; they are charming girls."

But Mr. Hallett put out his hands, crying hoarsely, "Keep them away from me! I will not have them here!"

And so saying, he went quickly into the house, whither his startled wife would have followed if her son had not detained her.

"Mother, what does this mean?" he asked in his consternation. "Is my father worse? Is it possible that he knows what he is saying? He never had any quarrel with Uncle Tom, did he? Then what could have made him speak so strangely?"

"I do not know; perhaps a sudden spasm. I must go to him."

"Ah, yes, go, and beg of him to explain himself, for they are coming here, these cousins of mine. I told them, in your name and my father's, that they would be welcome, and so I thought they would. How can I meet them again? how tell them—"

And then, groaning in his impatience and alarm, Charlie hurried his mother indoors.

CHAPTER II.

On Monday morning Mr. Hallett pronounced himself sufficiently restored to go to business. He had repulsed his wife when she attempted to win his confidence; he had given no explanation to his son. Both, therefore, were feeling hurt and anxious, though trying to conceal it from each other.

They would have pitied him had they known what a Sunday he had spent, shutting himself away from his family because every questioning look they turned upon him seemed to pierce his heart and lay bare that which he hid within it.

Yes, the upright, honorable John Hallett had a secret that he had buried so deep down as to be sometimes forgotton until a chance word or recollection would bring it back to his memory. He had a trouble of which no one knew anything but old Lisbeth, and even she did not suspect its nature.

In all honesty of purpose she had told him, as he stood by his mother's coffin, that madam's dearest wish had been to see her absent son Tom.

"I think she had a message for him," Lisbeth added, "a written one. I know that just before your good father died she was talking to him of Master Tom, and I heard her say she was sure he would come back if he could come to the old home."

"Did she wish my father to will this house to him?" asked John Hallett, startled and incredulous.

"I think so," Lisbeth replied. "I know he gave the dear mistress a paper that she cried over after he was gone, but I do not know what she did with it."

That paper had never been found.

At first John Hallett's feelings with regard to it had been of angry surprise. He was the elder brother and had always resided at the Copse. With the approbation of his parents he had brought his bride here, and his children were born under the roof he had come to look upon as his own. He did not deliberately scheme to wrong his brother, but he never made any search for the paper of which Lisbeth had spoken.

And so years had rolled on without any one disputing with John Hallett his possession of the home so dear to him. Lisbeth made no further allusions to the paper. She knew that Master Tom was dead, and she was not aware that it might be of importance to his widow and his offspring.

And now, after all this lapse of time, the children of John Hallett's dead brother had come to England. For what could it be, he asked agitatedly, but to claim their own?

John Hallett started for town oppressed with a new fear. Lisbeth might have found the paper, and, suspecting him of foul play, posted it to Canada.

How he got through the day no one knew, for Charlie pleaded a headache and stayed at home. The disappointed youth would not risk encountering his newly-found relatives while he was unable to account to them for his father's extraordinary refusal to receive them at the Copse. He knew how much they were looking forward to this visit. Had not their father talked to them of his English home till they would be able to recognize every antique piece of furniture in the house, every fine old tree in the garden?

Mrs. Hallett's sympathies were with her son, but she was too dutiful a wife to say so, and seeing that she avoided him, Charlie carried a book into the shrubberies, shunning the eyes of his elder sisters, who for lack of any other reason for his depression, decided that he must have fallen in love.

And so he had. Already his heart had gone out to bright, capable, brown-haired Nell, who seemed to him just what a pure good woman should be. Min was a most attractive girl. He would be a fortunate fellow who won her, but she lacked the indescribable something that made her sister bewitching.

At last he went indoors to find his mother, and—if he could get her by herself—to confess how keenly he would feel a separation from the pretty Nellie, who was rapidly becoming dear to him.

He hurried to the morning-room and had entered it from the garden before he became aware that the parlor-maid was just ushering in some visitors.

It was too late to retreat; they were actually in the room, Nell and Min, gazing around them with shy pleasure, and Miss Mary Hallett, her broad face beaming with smiles as she caught hold of her sister-in-law's hands and kissed her on both cheeks.

"My dearest Jennie, I have brought these dear girls to spend a few days with you—poor Tom's daughters; of course, Charlie has told you all about them. Ah, there he is! Fetch your sisters, Charlie. And ask the cabman, my dear boy, to carry in our trunks. It was a good thought of mine to come with our nieces, wasn't it? How pleased John will be when he gets home and finds us all here!"

Mr. Hallett by a great effort composed himself sufficiently to meet his guests, but if his lips were pale and he turned away from them to shade his eyes with his hand, they saw nothing suspicious in it.

On the contrary, their conviction that he was thinking of their father, of whom this gray-haired, stately gentleman was the living image, drew them towards him. They hovered near his chair, they left off speaking when they heard his voice, and when, complaining of fatigue, he rose to go to his room, moved by the same impulse, both girls ran forward to put their arms about his neck and hold up their fair young faces for a good-night kiss.

It was plain that he had been mistaken when he fancied they had come to wrest his home from him, but he was none the happier for the knowledge. He tried to appear calm and cheerful, to respond to the affection with which his nieces were disposed to regard him, but when they talked—as they did freely—of the trials and struggles they and their mother had gone through before and after their bereavement, his heart fainted within him and his remorse would become overpowering.

John Hallett would fain have made atonement. He thrust into Nell's hand a roll of notes, but it was promptly returned.

"Dear uncle, we want nothing from you but your love. How can you imagine that while we are strong and well able to work we would rob you of what you have earned for your children?"

No, he was not to be allowed to gloze his conscience by this kind of compensation. Neither was it any use protesting that the very act of leaving the Copse away from him—the eldest son—was unfair, especially as Tom's portion had been justly meted out to him at his own desire. As long as Tom's daughters were in his house, keeping alive the old recollections, how could he be at peace with himself?

Four days elapsed—anxious ones to Charlie and his mother, who watched Mr. Hallett's changing moods, but hesitated to speak of them even to each other, yet very pleasant ones to the young Canadians. Attributing to their uncle's ill-health the shadow they saw on his brow and the troubled looks his wife and son would interchange, they were always gentle and sympathetic.

It was the only check on their enjoyment of their visit to their English relations. Aunt Mary, in spite of her fidgety ways, was a lovable old lady—Mrs. Hallett was very motherly, and as for Charlie, ah, Nell would sigh whenever she reminded herself how soon their stay in England would draw to a close.

One morning the sisters were on their way to the garden when they saw Lisbeth in the act of unlocking the door of the closed chamber. They pressed into it with her. Why should they not? They knew of no prohibition and were so eager to hear all she could tell them about grandmamma that presently Lisbeth opened a tall press and shook out before them the folds of their grandmother's wedding-gown.

As she described her mistress, who had been always young and beautiful in her eyes, Nell saw that from the pocket of the dress a morsel of the bridal handkerchief was peeping. To get a better view of the fine old lace that bordered it she drew it out, and with it came a folded paper.

"Ah!" cried Lisbeth, "it is the one my good master gave to her before he died. She must have gone to the press and slipped it into the pocket of this dress instead of her ordinary one; they hung together then. Take it, young ladies. I believe, nay, but I am sure, it concerns your father."

Mr. Hallett was just sitting down to the early breakfast which his wife had risen to share with him when Nell and Min came to his side with the paper.

"We have not opened it, dear uncle; it is you who should read it to us. Perhaps it was to let my father know that his parents had quite forgiven him for leaving them. He used to say he had not acted well in deserting them"

But John Hallett pushed the paper from him.

"The hand of God is in this," he groaned. "Read for yourselves and ease my soul of the burden that lies heavily upon it. Lisbeth told me there was such a paper in existence, but my search for it was a half hearted one. I valued my home more than what is right, but if I am to lose it I will bear the loss without murmuring, for I have had greater mercies bestowed on me than I deserve."

Mrs. Hallett drew nearer and laid her cheek against her husband's, while Min in faltering tones read the few feebly traced lines the paper contained:

"I have thought over your wish, dear wife. It is hard to say you nay, but I cannot let compassion for Tom make me unjust to his brother. Do you not know that if John had not toiled early and late at the time of that terrible crisis we must have been ruined? It was his industry, his perseverance, that enabled us to retain the home that has grown so dear to us. When we are gone let him reap the fruit of his labors. Tom will not love us any the less because we have nothing more to give him but our blessing."

So the Copse was the property of John Hallett after all; but who that saw his face just then would have ventured to congratulate him? He bowed it on his hands and the sisters stole away, leaving him alone with the tender, faithful wife, from whom he nevermore had a secret.

Nell and Min went back to Canada at the appointed time, but they did not refuse the useful gifts their uncle added to their luggage, for they saw that he would be a happier man if allowed to take the place of the father they had lost. Charlie will follow them in the spring to fetch home his bride.

—*The Quiver.*

OUR SOVEREIGN LADY.

(By the Author of "English Hearts and English Hands."

CHAPTER III —*(Continued)*.

In this country home, as the years went by, and the elder children left the nurseries to their little successors, many pleasures were provided for them, but all were made to serve in their training for future usefulness. Each child had a flower garden, a vegetable garden, a little hot-house, a forcing frame; a carpenter's shop was prepared for the boys, a small building, with kitchen dairy, &c., for the girls; and the royal children, busy and happy, did real work in each department, and from the kitchen many comforts, made by skilful young fingers, found their way to the cottages in the neighborhood.

They had also a Museum of Natural History, and were ardent collectors of "specimens."

The royal parents watched over their training with constant care. On this subject the Queen wrote: "The greatest maxim of all is, that the children should be brought up as simply and in as domestic a way as possible; and that (not interfering with their lessons) they should be as much as possible with their parents, and learn to place the greatest confidence in them, in all things." The Prince was himself the chief instructor of his children. He furnished the plan for their education; appointed their different teachers; superintended the whole himself, and read every book before it was put into their hands.

They were brought up very simply, with no luxuries. Their usual dinner, a joint and a plain pudding; and on this homely fare they grew and throve, and were the very picture of a happy English family. Meanwhile, the Prince, who delighted in landscape gardening and in farming, had various improvements carried out, which gave employment to many laborers, whom he treated with kind consideration. At harvest-time the men were dismissed, that they might work for others during that busy season; but directly their engagement was ended, they returned to the work which he always found for them.

There were times in which great anxieties and cares forced themselves upon the hearts of the royal wife and her husband; but they only served to draw them the closer to each other. On the fourteenth anniversary of their wedding day her Majesty thus wrote: "This blessed day is full of joyful and tender emotions. Fourteen happy and blessed years have passed, and I confidently trust many more will, and find us in old age as we are now—happily and devotedly united! Trials we must have; but what are they if we are together?"

Seven years after the purchase of Osborne, when the dry and bracing air of Deeside was strongly recommended by their medical adviser, for the health of both the Queen and the Prince, their choice fell upon the estate of Balmoral; and the Prince purchased it, delighted not only with the beautiful situation and the charms of seclusion, but also with the fresh opportunity of exercising his skill in agriculture and other country pursuits. Here, as at Osborne, the well-being of those around, was at once consulted by well-directed efforts to raise their social and moral condition. Schools were built, and teachers were supplied wherever they were needed. An excellent library was established at Balmoral, and was open, not only to the servants and the tenants, but to all the neighborhood. Blacksmiths, joiners, and other small tradesmen were encouraged to settle on the estate by comfortable houses with gardens and a field for a cow being let to them at a moderate rent. "No good man was displaced, no honest effort at improvement went unnoticed. The duties of property, indeed, were never more thoroughly recognized than by both the Queen and the Prince."

The year 1851 was marked by the opening of the Great Exhibition in Hyde Park, the forerunner as it has proved of numerous useful and beautiful successors. It was the achievement of Prince Albert himself—

"Far-sighted summoner of war and waste,
To fruitful strifes and rivalries of peace"—

and the scheme was carried through to its brilliant accomplishment, in the face of many difficulties, and not a little opposition; but the ultimate success surpassed all expectation.

On that memorable May-day, although thousands upon thousands assembled to witness and to share in the festival,—by God's goodness, not a single accident happened.

Our Sovereign Lady has allowed us to know her own thoughts of thankfulness, written in her journal that day:—"God bless my dearest Albert! God bless my dearest country, which has shown itself so great to-day! One felt so grateful to the great God, who seemed to pervade all, and to bless all! The only event which it in the slightest degree reminded me of was the coronation, but this day's festival was a thousand times superior. All the Commissioners who worked so hard, and to whom such immense praise is due, seemed truly happy, and no one more so than Paxton, who may be justly proud; he rose from being a gardener's boy." And the record of the day ends with these words, "I was rather tired; but we were both so happy, so full of thankfulness! God is indeed our kind and merciful Father."

"Behold her in her royal place,
A gentle lady, and the hand
That sways the sceptre of this land,
How frail and weak!
Soft is the voice, and fair the face;
She breathes Amen to prayer and hymn;
No wonder that her eyes are dim
And pale her cheek."

The hope that had animated the Prince, that this great undertaking would tend to bind the nations of the world in peaceful federation, was alas, doomed to disappointment! Even whilst the bells in that Fairy Palace were ringing their last chime, before the gorgeous pageant should pass away like a dream of splendor,—the knell of settled peace had begun to sound in the ears of thoughtful statesmen.

Signs of the coming storms, which were to convulse, in their turns, Europe, India, and the United States, were already to be seen and felt in the political atmosphere. In September, 1852, the great Duke of Wellington died in his sleep, at Walmer Castle. The Royal Family and the nation mourned together over their lost hero—"one that sought but duty's iron crown." The stately funeral voted for him by Parliament, can never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. Prince Albert followed with the mourners; and the Queen, surrounded by her children, looked down on the solemn procession from a balcony in Buckingham Palace, where the Royal Standard was floating half-mast high.

Throughout the dreary November day, a million and a half of spectators waited to do the last honor to the great soldier of whom England was so justly proud. Hardly was there a dry eye in that vast crowd when "the masterless steed," led by the aged groom, was seen following the funeral car, which was bearing to its last resting place the stalwart form of the "Iron Duke."

In the following year the Queen and Prince Albert, with some of their children, paid their second visit to Ireland, to see the Dublin Exhibition. On the last day of their stay the Queen drove slowly through the streets of Dublin, "unlined with soldiers," —"feeling," as she has told us, "quite sorry that it was the last day of such a pleasant, gay and interesting time in Ireland."

Scotland was re-visited this same autumn, and as the old Castle of Balmoral was found to be too small for the needs of a royal residence, designs were chosen by the Prince, and a contract was entered into for the erection of a new house. Whilst the building was in progress, troublous days began, for the Crimean War broke out. The general excitement caused by the announcement of the first great European war witnessed by this generation, was shared in by every class throughout the country. The consequent rise in prices brought injury to many contractors, and amongst them to the builder who had taken the contract for Balmoral, as the price of his materials was so much raised as to make the undertaking an unfortunate one for him.

But Prince Albert generously took the contract off his hands, retaining him with a good salary to superintend the work; and himself paying full wages to the workmen. Moreover, when a fire broke out in the workshops, the Prince made good all losses sustained by the men, with expressions of kindly sympathy; at the same time the Prince not only encouraged them in their efforts to extinguish the fire, but himself worked with them; whilst the Queen stood by, cheering them with her kind words, and hearty interest in their success.

PRINCE ALBERT AT THE TIME OF HIS MARRIAGE.

The Royal Family attended the simple service in the Established Church of Scotland, and honored with their distinguished friendship some of its gifted ministers, the Rev. Norman Macleod, Principal Tulloch and others.

Of one Sunday Her Majesty writes in her journal—"Mr. Macleod showed in the sermon how we all tried to please self, and to live for that, and in so doing found no rest. Christ had come not only to die for us, but to show how we were to live." And again the Queen writes of a sermon by the Rev. J. Caird from Romans xii. 11, "Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord," "He explained in the most beautiful and simple manner what real religion is; how it ought to pervade every action of our lives. Not a thing only for Sundays ... but being good and doing good, letting everything be done in a Christian spirit."

The Queen took a lively interest in the people around her, visiting them in their cottages, bringing in her own hands gifts of warm clothing to the aged, and warming their hearts by the gracious kindness of her words and ways. She sympathised in their joys and their sorrows. We read of her being present at the christening of the infants, and ministering beside the beds of the sick and the dying. She showed a true mother's heart for the children, who are often mentioned in her journal; and the promise of bringing a toy to a little one, made when the Court was leaving Balmoral, was, to the child's expectant delight, faithfully kept on the return; although many great events, including a visit to the Emperor of the French, had intervened to occupy the Sovereign's thoughts.

(To be Continued.)

MR. HUDSON TAYLOR AND CHINESE MISSIONS.

Thirty-one years ago I was about leaving the shores of England for China. My beloved, honored and now sainted mother went to Liverpool. I shall never forget the day that we sailed for China, how that loved mother went with me into the cabin that was to be my home for nearly six months. With a mother's loving hand she smoothed the little bed. She sat down by my side and joined me in singing the last hymn we sang together before we separated. We knelt down and she prayed, the last mother's prayer I was to hear before I went to China.

Then the notice was given that we must part, and I had to say good-bye to that loving mother. Mainly for my sake she restrained her feelings as much as she could. She went on shore, giving me her blessing. I stood on deck, and she followed the ship as we moved towards the dock gates, and the ship was just leaving, I shall never forget the cry of anguish that was wrung from that mother's heart as she felt that I was gone. It went to my heart like a knife. I never knew so fully as then what "God so loved the world" meant, and I am quite sure my precious mother learned more of the love of God for the world in that hour than in all her life before.

Fourteen years later I was at work in China, and my own beloved first-born child was with me. She was not well, and I took her to a place some little distance from Hang-Chow, hoping the change would benefit her health. When we went on shore my dear child and I took a walk into a wood near by, that we might have some quiet prayer together under the shade of trees.

While we were there my child, who was only eight years of age, for the first time saw a man making an idol. The sight grieved her to the heart. She looked up into my face and said, "Oh, papa, that man does not know Jesus! He would never make an ugly idol like that if he knew Jesus." I had not so much faith in the result of the message as my dear child had, but I went and told him the story of God's great love in the gift of His Son. Then we went away, and the man went on making the idol. After we had gone a little distance we sat down, and I said to my child, for I saw her heart was burdened, "What shall we sing?" she said, "Let us sing—'Rock of Ages, cleft for me.'" We sang that hymn, and then I said to her, "Will you pray first?" She prayed, I never heard such a prayer as she offered. For about fifteen minutes she went on pleading that God would have mercy on the poor Chinese, and strengthen her papa to preach Christ to them. My heart was bowed before God; I could not describe it to you.

Next morning I was summoned away to see a sick missionary at a distance, and had to leave my loved ones. When I came back she was unconscious and she never recognized me again. The prayer for the poor Chinese was the last conscious words I heard her speak. As I stood over her grave I praised God that He had permitted me to part with my dear child in His service in China. I knew then, as I never knew before, what "God so loved the world" meant.

That is how some of us have attained this knowledge of God. He has given us to have sympathy with Himself in His not withholding His only begotten Son, and in that Son giving Himself in order that the world might be saved.—*Selected.*

"FIVE HUNDRED percent. increase in the trade in women's and children's clothing" is reported as one result of Prohibition in some towns in the Southern States of America.

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